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LOVE AND CONSTANCY

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CHAP. I.—LOVE.

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and bye, a cloud takes all away."

"*Harry, dear Harry, farewell!*" "*God bless you, Mary, we shall meet again!*"—a stifled sob from the first speaker, and an ejaculation of manly sorrow from the latter, attested their emotion—the oarsmen dipped their light blades into the wave, and the little craft obedient to the impulse rapidly receded from the shore. The youth watched its progress through the glancing waters, and every ripple it created seemed to wash upon his heart: a moment, and it ranged under the bows of a stately vessel, which soon after spread her canvass to the breeze, and bore down the bay, on her outward course. Evening found the youth pacing the shore, gazing upon the faint outlines of the departing ship, and when the niggard robe of night hid her from his view, then it was that the full sense of his situation fell heavily upon him—he felt that he was an outcast—an alien, without a single tie to bind him to life, and with a sensation of wretchedness, known only to him who has tasted of the bitter chalice of misery—he cast him down upon the sands, and wept long and bitterly! * *

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Who is there who has not heard the melancholy detail, as

"From his sire's lips glean'd,
Or history's page,"

of the fierce and destructive tornado, that ushered in the autumnal equinox of 1787. Its fury was felt by the storm-tossed seaman, as his frail bark drove onward to destruction, and its disastrous results might in part be gathered, from the many evidences of its triumph as strewn along the shores of Cape Cod. The tempest proved as transient as it was violent, and the sun that shone out on the morrow of the storm, steeped its rays on the now tranquil ocean, which, apparently conscious of the ruin it had wrought, seemed to atone for its mischief by studied repose. The regular swell of the sea succeeded the raging billows of the night—the shrill demon of the tempest had retired to his northern caves, and in his stead, the playful zephyrs of the south wantoned upon the waters. The hardy wreckers were out upon the beach as usual, after a night of storm, culling a harvest from the spoils which the ocean had cast upon their shores. Men, women and children where engaged in this employment, and so inured had they become to their somewhat equivocal profession, that whether the object they inspected was the corpse of the shipwrecked, or a cask of West India, the same *sang froid* was evinced, and they proceeded as leisurely to rifle the garments of the disfigured and ghastly dead, as in breaking open a sea chest. An unusually well stowed bale had drawn the attention of the crowd, and they were busily employed in turning over its contents, when an exclamation of surprise from an idler upon the strand caused the party to turn in the direction he pointed, and they beheld the object that had elicited his outcry. Drifting in towards the land, they saw a floating spar, upon which rode a small lad of some sixteen or seventeen years, supporting in his arms what seemed the lifeless form of a female. There was something so noble in this generous devotion to another's safety in the hour of deadly peril—a touching display of all that ennobles, in the conduct of one so young, thus jeopardizing his own doubtful chance of preservation, in the rescuing from the fierce waters their prey, that even the cold and sluggish feelings of the men of Barnstable were moved to admiration, and forgetting personal advantage in the exitement of the moment, they awaited but the approach of the float within range of their interference, when they rushed into the surge, and with deafening plaudits bore the young mariner and his burthen to the land. The boy relaxed not his hold of his companion, until he had safely deposited her in the arms of the bystanders, when throwing one look upon her wan and lifeless features, he cast his eyes to heaven, and murmering, "*Thanks, merciful Father! she is saved!*" he sank insensible upon the sand.

Sympathy—that noblest attribute of the soul, finds as ready response in the heart of the child of nature, as in the tutored feeling of the man of civilization; and the lawless wrecker in his course of plunder, may act as nobly, and feel as proudly the sacred glow of humanity, as does the sage expounder of moral legislation! The witnesses of the sad scene we have described, furnished ample illustration of the fact, for the men of Cape Cod, "albeit, unused to the melting mood," drew their hands over their eyes, and their tones were husky as they communed with each other, while the women, ever alive (in all conditions) to the dictates of humanity, busied themselves in the attempt to excite to action the frozen channels of life in the unfortunate maiden.

The intense pitch to which the sensibilities of her preserver were strung, precluded him from enjoying the repose he so much required, and supported by one of the spectators, he stood watching with silent expectation the efforts at resuscitation practised upon his companion in suffering. The exertions of the females were at length crowned with success, the ashy paleness of her brow was crossed by the flush of returning animation, and before the lapse of another hour the children of the wreck, who but a short time since were tossed to and fro upon the capricious waters, found themselves under the friendly roof, and seated at the hospitable board of Gregory Cox, to whose dwelling the generous wreckers had borne them.

The kindly nature of their host, for a long time, taught him forbearance upon the subject of their painful story, and weeks passed on before he gently hinted his wish to hear the sad recital, and so judiciously did the worthy Quaker prosecute his inquiries, that the detail was given, with scarce the knowledge of the lad, that the events over which he brooded had been revealed to their sympathizing friend. His narrative was brief, yet pregnant with misfortune. Thus it ran.

The maiden was the daughter of a Frenchman of rank, who had lately relinquished an official post in the Canadas with the intention of returning to his native land. He had, with his wife and daughter, embarked in the vessel commanded by the narrator's sire. Circumstances connected with the instructions of his owners, had induced the commander to make for the port of Boston, but contrary winds rendered nugatory his efforts, and for several days the ship had been beaten along the coast of Massachusetts, where it was met by the raging equinox, and destroyed by the combined fury of the winds and waves. So unforseen was the shock, and so totally unprepared were the miserable victims, that the same storm-fed billows which scattered the fragments of the vessel to the fury of the winds, bore with it the mass of beings that cowered upon its decks. Borne along by the violence of the assault, the boy was plunged into the boiling sea, but fortunately striking a drifting spar as he fell, he had steadied himself upon it, the only living thing, as he thought, that survived the onset of the fierce destroyer. As he was thus rocking upon the turbulent waves, a gleam of lightning, triumphing for a moment over the darkness, gave to his view the garments of the girl, and with instinctive humanity, he lifted her from the waters and supported her in his arms, although aware that he was thereby rendering more hazardous his own ultimate chances of safety.

It seemed as if the eye of Omnipotence saw and approved the act, for in a short time the march of the tempest was stayed, the lashing billows sank to gentle ripples, and the wild roar of the howling winds gave way to the soothing breeze, as it swept from the land. During the remainder of that eventful night of disaster and death, did the young mariner sustain the insensible form of his companion, and although no signs of returning consciousness rewarded his care, yet, buoyant with the hope of a generous and daring spirit, he clung to his position until the coming of Aurora revealed the shores of Barnstable, towards which his sailless and unseamanlike craft was rapidly drifting. The rest has been already shown.

Time rolled on! Weeks resolved themselves into months, and months became absorbed in years, yet the circumstances of the wreck, as detailed in the journals of the day, brought no claimant for the girl. As to the stripling, his only relative was that parent whom he had seen meet a watery grave, and he knew that he stood alone in the world, with no one to sympathize with the misery that racked his bosom, save the orphan partner of his perils; and when he looked upon her budding loveliness, thus left to waste neglected, and without the fostering care of maternal watchfulness, he vowed to be to her all that a brother could, or a parent might be. The isolation of his destiny had rendered him an enthusiast upon the one subject of his charge, so that, when in the gay flush of innocent girlhood, she shared his joys and mingled her tears with his, his feelings became concentred in devotion, which the world calls *love*, but for which *affection*, pure as seraphs might glory in avowing, would be the more fitting term. In the absence of other channels to vent his feelings she became the cynosure of his loftiest imaginings, his more than sister. Happy in her youth, and time-seared to the loss she had sustained, *Mary Destraix* loved her preserver with a sister's tenderness; and when, after the lapse of years, there came one who called himself her uncle—her father's brother—the joy with which she sprang to his embrace was merged in tears, when the probability of her separation from her brother crossed her mind, as the stranger announced his intention of returning with her immediately to the castellated abode of her ancestors, in the sunny plains of Marne.

"And Harry—my brother Harry, shall he not go with us?" she asked inquiringly, gazing into the stern face of her new-found relative.

The Frenchman turned to the spot, where stood the subject of the query. He had heard the story of the youth, and liked not the question; and as he glanced, not at the noble countenance and manly bearing, but the rustic apparel of the stripling, his dislike to a further intimacy between the pair was increased. The stranger was Lord of Marne, and had breathed the courtly air of the Louvre, and he could see nothing worthy of consideration in the mere fact, that a rough and untutored rustic should peril his life for a maiden of noble blood. Tendering the youth a purse well stocked with Louis, he signified his disinclination to rank him among the members of his voyage home. The indignant recipient took the proffered gold, advanced a step, and dashing the gift at the feet of its aristocratic giver, rushed from the scene.

"Harry, my noble, generous preserver," sobbed a voice at his side, as he stood upon the rude piazza that overlooked the ocean, "think not so meanly of me, as that broad lands and empty honors I would forsake you! Harry, my brother, I will not go!"

"Not so, Mary Destraix," was the answer of him she addressed—the bitterness of his feelings rising paramount to the usual joyousness of his tones when he spoke to her—"Are you not the daughter of a peer of France, called to fulfil a bright and envied destiny? Would you so forget your illustrious ancestry, as to forego their claims upon you as their descendant, to follow the fortunes of one, who was even cast from the ocean as unworthy to tenant its caves?"—and the boy laughed in his agony.

"Look there!" he continued, addressing the stranger who had followed his niece—"Look at our cradle of storms!" and he enforced his words, by pointing out towards the quiet waters, which lay steeped in the phosphorescent tintings of a summer's eve. "Where were the vassals of your house that they stepped not in to the rescue of their master? Will the great deep give up its prey for gold? Though the blood of Charlemagne runs in your veins, that act—that crowning act, of offering lucre in exchange for life—would sink you to a level with the veriest serf!"—and drawing up his form, now moulded into the fair proportions of nineteen summers, he gave back the haughty glance of the Frenchman with one equally fierce, and turned to the weeping maiden.

The result of their conference was such as lovers' conferences usually are. The mind of Mary was open to the fact, that her feelings towards her preserver were merged in a fonder tie than a sister's, and a promise of constancy, immutable to time and circumstance—an interchange of tokens—a kiss, the first that ever consecrated their mutual affections, and *Harry Harwood* sought his couch that night—so late boiling with the fiercest passions—now calm and full of hope—

Congenial hope! thy passions-kindling flower,
How bright—how strong in youth's confiding hour!

The going down of the succeeding sun found Harry weeping upon the beach alone.

CHAP. II.—CONSTANCY.

"Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti
In vento, et rapida scribere oportet aqua."—*Catullus.*

There were banquetting, and revelry within the princely halls of Versailles, and the dulcet sounds of woman's voice accorded well with the rich breathings of lute and harp. The effulgence of ... beauties of the court of Louis, as they were ranged in their dream-like loveliness at the footstool of the queenly Austrian. The rich swell of vocal melody—the tread of the dancers, as they moved in the stately *Pavon*, or lascivious waltz—the laugh of the witty, as jest and repartee rang through the lofty dome—*all* typified an epoch of pleasure, and absence from cares such as *then* existed in the *conversaziones* of Maria Antoinette, but which too soon gave way before the ruthless onset of revolutionary reformation covenanted in the destruction of these very balls, and sealed in the blood of royalty.

The park, and alleys of the gardens, echoed with the laughter of joyous and happy spirits, and the flowery groves, and trelliced arbors—fit spot for love's communion—were made this night the trysting spot of many a youthful pair, while the gentle breeze as it swept through the leafy paradise, carried upon its wings confession—reciprocal disclosures—vows, and protestation, baseless all—aye, baseless as the courier by which they were borne away!

"Beautiful Mary, you wrong me, every way you wrong me, by your unjust suspicions. The *Deperney* may be as fascinating as you describe her, but I own not her power! *Canaille* of the *National Assembly* may be won by her lures, but *Marmonti* wears no colors save those of the fair Destraix."

"Hold, impertinent! Know you not that the Lady Deperney is my friend, and beware how you speak of the members of the Assembly, or I shall send you to republican America, there to learn more fitting terms, by which to designate the leaders of the people!"

"That I may also gain some tidings of your lover of Barnstable," was the laughing rejoinder of her companion. "Your uncle tells strange stories of that same youth, and I am half inclined to be jealous of some certain passages that occured in the *tete-a-tete* you wot of."

"Aye—my gallant deliverer from the raging billows of the Atlantic." For a moment, there came associations of a painful nature, across her mental vision, and she felt herself checked in her levity: it was but for a moment, for in the next, she smilingly tapped the mercurial Frenchman upon the shoulder as she answered, "Nay, you should not be too severe upon my youthful follies—the boy saved me from a watery death, and in the hour of parting, there might have been things spoken, prompted more by gratitude than prudence—besides I was so young!"

"But what if the boy should clothe this pretty romance with the sober hues of reality, and come to claim his rights? What would the heiress of Marne think, if, at the levee of our gracious sovereign, her quondam lover should step forward, and demand her as his bride?"

"Rest contented on that score, knight of the tristful countenance," laughingly responded the fair one; "the lad has too much sense to attempt any flight of the kind; his modesty and wits would teach him in so doing he was transgressing the bounds of discretion."

"And yet, if he could survey the ripened loveliness of the flower he saved when in its budding helplessness," urged the gallant Marmonti, bending his lips to the hand of his companion, "and feel no wish to claim it for his trans-atlantic bower, he must be indeed a stoic; and I take it, that his is a warmer spirit than voluntarily to purge his memory of the recollection of an action that must come coupled with the charms of the rescued floweret. By the bones of the immortal Henri! but the little I have heard of thy deliverance, and the heroism that achieved it, have taught me a brother's love for this same—how call you the youth?"

"Harley—No—Harwood; ay, that is his name—but, methinks, a glimpse of him would tend marvellously to lessen thy brotherly feelings. He had but little of knightly bearing, and his speech and actions savored somewhat of his nautical training. I would that he were here!"

There was a rustling in the adjacent shrubbery—a hasty step was heard upon the gravelled avenue, and as the intruder dashed swiftly by, there came words upon the ear of the late speaker, breathed in tones she remembered but too well. "And this is Mary Destraix, and it is thus she speaks of Henry Harwood! Great God, how I have been duped!" The footsteps died away in the distance, and before she could rally from the shock, the speaker was gone.

The sword of Marmonti was drawn from its sheath, but the convulsive grasp of the conscience-stricken girl withheld him from pursuit; and when he inquiringly bent his gaze upon her countenance, its expression was so death-like and cold, that fearing she was ill, (for he understood not the purport of the stranger's exclamation,) he hastily returned to the saloon.

During the remainder of the evening, it was the subject for comment that the favorite of the queen was grave and abstracted, and that her brow, usually lighted up with the joy of an untroubled spirit, was crossed with darker hues than were wont to sully it. Even Marmonti strove in vain to restore her depressed spirits, but it would not do; the words she had heard in the garden clogged her soul, bowing it down to remorse and anguish. Memory led her away from these scenes of hollow semblance to the shores of Massachusetts—to that eventful night, when, in her feebleness, she battled with the adverse waters. Again she was listening to the oft-repeated story of the garrulous wreckers, as they painted, in their blunt honesty of speech, the daring courage and generous conduct of the youthful mariner, as, after having laid her gently upon the beach, he uttered that prayer of thanksgiving for her safety. As fancy's finger pointed out these episodes of her past existence, and she reflected upon the return she had made—that she had spoken of him as a thing of scorn, and that he had heard her! the swelling waves of contrition irrigated her selfish soul, and she retired to her chamber, for that night redeemed from the trammels of coquetry and ingratitude. Dismissing her maid, she sat down in an embrasure of her apartment, but was disturbed from her reverie by the entrance of her attendant, who placed beside her a pacquet, bearing her address, and again retired. Hastily breaking the seal, she opened its folds, in doing which a braid of hair escaped from therein and fell to the ground. The contents of the epistle were disjointed in character, and evidenced a bruised and saddened spirit. The writer was Harwood.

"I will not upbraid you, Mary, although you have crushed my fondest—my dearest hopes! Fool that I was, I dreamed that the Mary of my boyhood was still the same—that what she *professed* in other days, she would prove in my ripened years—that her gentle spirit yet retained its recollection of one with whom was spent the darkest portion of her brief existence! Do you remember that night when the demon of the storm swept the bosom of the dark Atlantic, and I bore you—but no! not that; but surely you still retain the memory of that kind, good old man, who took us in our destitution and gave us a home, and who, when we were seated at his social board, would moralize upon our melancholy story, and bid us love one another, for it seemed as if Providence so willed it in the arrangement of our destinies. And oh! how often, when wandering along the shores of Barnstable, have we mingled our tears when we looked out upon the great sea, the sepulchre of all we loved, and cheated Sorrow of its triumph, in gilding with Hope's brightest pencilling a radiant and sunny future—and then, that evening, when in the holy hush of nature, and in the presence of none save our God, you vowed remembrance, and gave me a ringlet of your own raven hair. I return it, Mary, for I may not retain it after the fatal proofs of your feelings towards me, which inadvertently I overheard this night. Alas! that such things should be—that you, whom I have loved—how fervently and deeply let my present agony pourtray, should speak of *me* as of one—but I will not upbraid, but bless you, Mary, even in your heartlessness will my prayers be as fervent for your welfare, as when in other years I watched your girlhood beyond the ocean. Farewell! Heiress of Marne, farewell—*forever!*"

Her attendants, upon entering their mistress' chamber on the ensuing morning, found her lying insensible upon her couch, the letter of Harwood compressed within her grasp.

Did she awake to better feelings, and was the film of ingratitude and deceit rent from her heart? Alas! that selfishness should prevail over the finer impulses of our nature, and the perspective of a coronet in woman's eye sway ascendant over the homely aspect of humble wedlock! Who was Henry Harwood, that he should aspire to the hand of the favorite of Marie Antoinette, and on the plea of having performed a trifling act of humanity, *dare* thus to address the loveliest woman in the Court of Louis? One month, and Marmonti, amid the beauty and chivalry of France, and honored by the presence of royalty, wedded the fair Destraix!

Marmonti's lineage was noble—ay, princely! In his veins there ran the tide of the House of Bourbon. Marmonti was the friend of his King!

And had the flight of time wrought no change in the fortunes of *the boy of the wreck?* In a land like ours, industry and perseverance eke out their reward, and fostered by the liberal and equalizing spirit of our institutions, Harwood's concentrated energies found ample opportunity to develope themselves. His tale won for him the favorable notice of a philanthropist, and his integrity and devotion to the sternest duties, gained him his friendship—so that the homeless, beggared stripling of a few years past, aided by friendly winds, on his ... of commerce, aided by friendly winds, on ... fortune and esteem; and although he could urge no pretentions to ancestral honors, yet in republican America, where aristocracy is but the idle misnomer of faction, and man is judged by the standard of his moral excellence, Harwood became one of her genuine aristocracy—one of her merchant nobles!

The bells that rung out the consummation of the nuptial rites, tortured not the ears of the jilted lover—he was ploughing the waves on his return.

CHAP. III.—REVERSES.

"For mortal pleasures—what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

There was slaughter in the streets of Paris! Revolution,—not the revolution of a shackled and indignant people rising to assert their rights,—but of a wild mob,

"The scum
That rises upmost when a nation boils."

stalked in the palaces of the mighty, desecrating their ancestral domes, and treading down with demoniac fury the trophied honors of their sires. Faction—lawless and unprincipled faction—usurped the tribunals of justice—its acts were the dethronement of kings, ratified in the blood of princes. The headless trunk of the Bourbon was cast beneath the feet of his people in their fury, and to weep for him was to share his fate! The regal Antoinette too—the fairest, yet alas! the most hapless of the daughters of Lorraine—was dragged to the accursed block, and in rapid succession her chivalrous defenders kissed the guillotine, reeking with the blood of their sovereigns. The fell tiger Anarchy, was abroad in Gallia, and his fangs rent asunder the life-strings of all who owned not his sway, while the wild shouts that ushered in the blood-washing republic was mingled with the wail of France for her slaughtered and dishonored chivalry.

Marmonti witnessed the decapitation of his royal relative, and heard from his cell the cry that told the murder of the queen. A blank of a few days ensued—he was dragged from his dungeon—a dash in the records of the criminal tribunal, and all that remained of Frederick, Duke of Marmonti, was his lifeless and mangled corpse. Did the wife of Marmonti share the grave of her lord?

Seated in the oriel of an apartment in the *Palais du Ministeres des Affaires des Etrangeres*, was a lady clothed in a suit of sables. The year was in its decline, and the melancholy aspect of the external world served to deepen the gloom that sat throned upon the features of the mourner. Ever and anon the hoarse roar of the multitude in the adjacent *place* swept into the room, as some popular leader vented his oratory; or from the Boulevard below the window, there would ascend the voices of the patriotic artizans, as they repeated in stunning chorus,

"Aux armes citoyens, formons nos battaillons
Marchons; qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

She shuddered as these sounds broke upon her ear, and when from the *Place Vendome* there darted a thousand artificial meteors, aided in effect by the discharge of artillery, she shrouded her face with her hands and wept convulsively.

The door was thrown open and a visitor announced, but absorbed in grief she heeded not the tidings. The visitor advanced until within a few feet and paused, as if awaiting her attention, but still she noted not his proximity.

"Lady," murmured the stranger—God of heaven! could it be *his* voice?—"Duchess of Marmonti, will you not speak to your friend?" Yes those tones were *his*; his whom in her girlhood she had such cause to love and honor, whom in her womanhood she had slighted and defamed. And what did he here? Had he heard of her misfortunes, and was his errand to the wretched that he might triumph in her wretchedness? The passions of her race stirred within her as she caught at this opinion, and throwing back the dishevelled ringlets from her care-worn features she raised her flashing eyes to the face of the speaker; but the saddened look and pitying glance that met her gaze, spoke not joy but sorrow for her misery, and again her head was hidden from her companion's view.

"Mary"—and the voice of the speaker was fraught with emotion—"Mary," and as if that name conjured up old and familiar associations, he seated himself beside her; a tear filled in his eye and dropped upon the hand he pressed within his own. *That tear!* It opened the floodgates of memory, and told a brother's love. The sufferer saw not in the being before her, the man she had so deeply injured in his richest affections, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she poured forth her grief, even as she was wont to do in earlier, happier years. Time rolled refluently in its channels, and her companion was once more the Harry of Barnstable and she again Mary Destraix. Cheated by the phantom of happiness the kindly demeanor of Harwood created, she wept the more; but her tears were not wrung from the heart—and when in the outpouring of his sympathy he spoke of her departure from Paris and its associations, and painted with brotherly fervor the comfort and safety that awaited her in his distant home, she raised her eyes beaming with gratitude and essayed to speak, but her emotions were too strong for the cold medium of words, and she could only thank him with her tears.

The influence of Harwood, through his country's ambassador, was sufficient to obtain from the new government of France a passport of safe conduct for the widow of the revolutionary victim, so that the only object of his coming being now accomplished, the pair quitted its shores. In her home in the western world the expatriated Duchess found an effectual asylum from the contingencies that threatened her during her continuance in the French capital; and as she noted the frank and urbane deportment of her host, her mind regained its wonted vigor and her countenance its healthful hues; not but that at times, when the sad and tragic scenes through which it had been her destiny to pass came across her brain, there came an icy sensation upon her heart, but she triumphed over her misfortunes, and would have been even selfishly happy was it not that when she reflected upon her conduct towards Harwood a sense of shame possessed her mind; but his own actions aided to dispel such feelings and sear her heart to their impressions, and she became as tranquil as the exigencies of her situation would warrant.

As to him—experience had taught him a lesson never to be forgotten. He had periled his happiness upon the fickle sea of human affection, and had met disappointment as the product; and although when he gazed upon the surpassing beauty of her, his first—his only love—he felt as he did on that day when he watched from the beach of Cape Cod her departure from the scenes of her girlhood; yet the revelations of woman's faith he had obtained in the royal gardens of Versailles, nerved his heart against further invasion from the son of Venus. It had worn away the enthusiasm of his earlier years, and left him still alive to the deference which woman in any and all circumstances has a right to claim, but callous to her lures; so that when in the course of time the mercurial passions of the French people had become shackled by the wisdom and tyranny of the giantminded Corsican, and that politic ruler deemed it expedient to annul the decree against the house of Marne and invited its only living representative to return to her family possession, Harwood at once counselled her acceptance of the proffered restitution, and despite her avowed astonishment and reluctance, hastened the arrangements for her departure.

"She will wed again," soliloquized the merchant, as he turned from gazing upon the bark which was conveying her to "the land of vine." "She will wed again; and surrounded by minions and parasites, and in the possession of gewgaw honors, be happier than as the wife of one who has nothing to offer but his honest affections and an humble home," and with a sigh he quitted the quay.

Years brought another change in the dynasties of France. The imperial diadem was rent from the brow of Napoleon, and *he*—"the man of a thousand thrones"—left to point the moral of his own ambition upon the sea girt rock of Helena. The Bourbon sat again upon the throne of his sire, and with him the fortunes of his followers loomed in the ascendant. The predictions of Harwood had been in part fulfilled, for the relict of Marmonti was again a bride, and a leader in the brilliant circles that shone in the zodiac of the restoration. I have said in *part*—for, had her change of fortunes brought corresponding happiness?—We shall see.

The merchant read the announcement in the Parisian journals, and there was bitterness in the train of reflections which accompanied the perusal. Throwing aside the paper he indulged in long and melancholy musings upon this fresh instance of her versatility of principles, so glaringly developed in a second marriage. A letter was placed in his hands at the moment, and carelessly breaking the wax he held it unread, his mind still wandering upon the *on dit* from whence his reverie; but a vagrant glance at the superscription at length rivetted his attention, and he eagerly devoted himself to scanning its contents.

"Congratulate me, my dear friend," *he read*, "for I am the happiest of women. Our gracious sovereign is the idol of his people, and the ... of to-day that I am again wedded; and although I do not feel for my present husband the strong affection which I entertained for the first, and which is buried with him, still I think I shall love him, for he strives to render me happy by indulgence in my every wish. His loyalty throughout the period of his monarch's exile, his unswerving zeal and bravery in the field, have endeared him to the king, who has been pleased to reward his faithful services with honors and preferment. My own introduction at court gained the favorable notice of his majesty, who smilingly assured me that my misfortunes should not be forgotten. And now, my friend, the storms that have hitherto overclouded the sun of my life are forever dispersed, and the future is full of promise. The court is re-established at Versailles—but I forget that between us Versailles is an interdicted name. *The garden scene!* Ah, how you would be amused to hear the envious demoiselles of the court rallying me upon that little incident, but I only laugh at them and"—

The idle levity with which she alluded to a period of such painful interest, jarred upon his excited feelings. "What an escape I have had!" he murmered, as with vacant eye he watched the blaze of the epistle as it scorched and blackened in the grate, where it had accidentally fallen. "Can she indeed be a faithful type of her sex? Nay, that is impossible; and yet"— He paused and left the blank unfilled.

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Gentle readers, you whose grey hairs are the results of sorrowful experience as well as time have been taught that it is not expedient at all times to give utterance to our opinions; and you, also, romantic lingerers on the shores of boyhood, have yet to learn that be your experience what it may, as it is with religion so also with woman; and he who tilts against either is warring with established usage, and will be buried in the ruins of his own creation. Thence it is that I, having performed my duty as a historian, wish not to hinge a moral upon my labors, leaving it for you to draw such inferences as you may deem most wise. But ere I leave you, I would state that the score of years that have passed away since the occurrence of the events recorded above, have wrought little change in the two principal personages of my story. Age has, it is true, somewhat marred the beauty of the *Countess Maleski*, but her eager pursuit after pleasure is as keen as ever, while the merchant of Boston is still a bachelor, and has even been known in some of his cloudy moments, to assert—in the language of the Volscian Satirist—

"Nulla fere causa est, in qua non fœmina litem
Moverit."

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT FOR PHILIP.*

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

Wilds! that have known, from age to age,
The Indian's gaze, the Indian's tread,
His pride, his prowess, and his rage—
Mourn—for the flower of Montaup's dead.

The death shot of the foe hath laid
Prostrate, his noble warrior form;
He sunk o'erwhelmed, but undismayed,
Born down, not broken, by the storm.

Mourn! for the red man's race is run—
A voice from Narraghansett's shore,
Proclaims the set of Indian sun,
Proclaims the Indian's reign is o'er!

The hand of fellowship he gave
In vain—the white man proved untrue;
No choice 'twixt bondage and a grave—
Forth from his belt the war knife flew!

For Massasoit's spirit rear
Hovered, and bade his son awake!
Whose soul, a stranger still to fear,
Resolved to burst its chains—or break.

He leagued with men who never yet
Could brook inglorious life to live;
The bear to hunt—the spring to set—
Like otter in the wave to dive—

Had been their wild romance of life
From erst of time—lords of the lone,
Blank wilderness!—the day's strife,
Its guilt—its terrors—to them unknown.

'Till Europe's pale faced race,—with guile
Deep at their hearts, disgraced the shore
With peace upon their lips, the while,—
While hand lay lurking at the core—

The Western wilderness profan'd!
The sword and not the olive brought,—
What to its free born sons remained?
What—but the doom their deeds have wrought

The Wampanoags, not in vain,
Beheld their dauntless Chief betrayed!
The curse of Europe and the bane
Upon them, and their right arm stayed.

Forbid it!—Logan's spirit cried,
Tecumthe's shade rose up in arms;†
And Montaup's flower and Montaup's pride,
Asserted by far-clustering swarms,—

Brave Metacom stood in his might!
Garnished and girded for the field;
His people's fate hung on the fight:—
A people taught to die—not yield!

The war's dread torrent swept them down,
Hurled from their native steeps amain!
The village burnt—the ruined town—
His chieftains and his kindred slain—

The lost of Massasoit's race
Now stood alone of all his clan;
Hunted like pard, from place to place,
A daring and a desperate man!

Wilds!—that attested erst his sway,
Have you no shelter in your breast?
O everlasting Hills! where lay
Whilom, his martial form at rest,—

Can ye not succour, shield him, now?
The hell-dogs of the chase are near!
In vain he flies—he leaps below—
The death-shot hurtles in his ear!

Like column from its base o'erthrown,
Or his own native, desert hill—
He falls!—but falls without a groan—
And dies—an Indian Warrior still!—

* The great Wampanoag (Rhode Island) chief Metacom—or, as he was more commonly called, Philip—younger son of the celebrated Massasoit.

† This is an anacronism, as the reader doubtless is aware. Tecumthe (so spelt by Mr. Cooper, in his "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish") lived posterior to the revolution.

The Merchant's Clerk.

Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician.

"Yet once more, O, ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year;
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due!"

Look, reader, once more with the eye and heart of sympathy, at a melancholy page in the book of human life—a sad one, indeed, and almost the last that will be opened by one who has already had several before you, and is about to take his departure.

It was pouring with rain one Wednesday, in the month of March 18—, about twelve o'clock, and had been raining violently the whole morning. Only one patient had called upon me up to the hour just mentioned—for how could invalids stir out in such weather? The wind was cold and bitter—the aspect of things without, in short, most melancholy and cheerless. "There are one or two poor souls," thought I, with a sigh, as I stepped from the desk at which I had been occupied for more than an hour writing, and stood looking over the blinds into the deserted and almost deluged streets—"there are one or two poor souls that would certainly have been here this morning, according to appointment, but for this unfriendly weather. Their cases are somewhat critical—one of them especially—and yet they are not such as to warrant my apprehending the worst. I wish, by the way, I had thought of asking their addresses!—Ah—for the future I will make a point of taking down the residence of such as I may suspect to be in very humble or embarrassed circumstances.—One can then, if necessary, call upon such persons—on such a day as this—at their own houses. There's that poor man, for instance, the bricklayer—he cannot leave his work except at breakfast time—I wonder how his poor child comes on! Poor fellow, how anxious he looked yesterday, when he asked me what I thought of his child! And his wife bed-ridden! Really I'd make a point of calling, if I knew where he lived! I can't afford a coach—that's out of the question. Well it can't be helped, however!" With this exclamation, half uttered, I looked ... to be at the door in a quarter of an hour. I was sealing one of the letters I had been writing, when I heard a knock at the street door, and in a few minutes my servant showed a lady into the room. She was apparently four or five-and-twenty, neatly but very plainly dressed; her features, despite an air of languor, as if from recent indisposition, without being strictly handsome, had a pleasing expression of frankness and spirit,—and her address was easy and elegant. She was, however, evidently flurried. She "hoped she should not keep me at home—she could easily call again"—I begged her to be seated, and, in a quiet tone—at the same time proceeding with what I was engaged upon, that she might have a moment's interval in which to recover her self-possession—made some observations about the weather.

"It is still raining hard, I perceive," said I, "Did you come on foot? Bless me, madam, why you seem wet through! Pray come nearer the fire"—stirring it up into a cheerful blaze—"shall I offer you a glass of wine, or wine and water? You look very chilly"——

"No, thank you, sir; I am rather wet, certainly, but I am accustomed to rain—I will, however, set close to the fire, if you please, and tell you in a few words my errand. I shall not detain you long sir," she continued, in a tone considerably more assured; "the fact is, I have received a letter this morning from a friend of mine in the country, a young lady, who is an invalid, and has written to request I would call immediately upon some experienced physician, and obtain, as far as can be, his real opinion upon her case—for she fancies, poor girl! that they are concealing what is really the matter with her!"

"Well! she must have stated her case remarkably well, ma'am," said I with a smile, "to enable me to give any thing like a responsible guess at her state without seeing her"——

"Oh—but I may be able to answer many of your questions, sir, for I am very well acquainted with her situation, and was a good deal with her, not long ago."

"Ah—that's well. Then will you be so kind," giving a monitory glance at my watch, "as to say what you know of her case? The fact is, I've ordered the carriage to be here in about a quarter of an hour's time, and have a long day's work before me!"

"She is—let me see, sir—I should say, about six years older than myself; that is, she is near thirty, or thereabouts. I should not think she was ever particularly strong. She's seen—poor thing!—a good deal of trouble lately. She sighed.

"Oh—I see, I understand! A little *disappointment*—*there's* the seat of the mischief, I suppose?" I interrupted smiling, and placing my hand over my heart. "Isn't this really, now, the whole secret?"

"Why—the fact is—certainly, I believe—yes, I may say that love has had a good deal to do with her present illness—for it is *really* illness! She has been," —— she paused, hesitated, and—as I fancied—coloured slightly—"crossed in love—yes! She was to have been—I mean—that is, she ought to have been married last autumn, but for this sad affair" ——. I bowed, looking again at my watch, and she went on more quickly to describe her friend as being naturally rather delicate—that this "disappointment" had occasioned her a great deal of annoyance and agitation—that it had left her now in a very low nervous way—and, in short, her friend suspected herself to be falling into a decline. That about two months ago she had had the misfortune to be run over by a chaise, the pole of which struck her on the right chest, and the horses' hoof also trampled upon her, but no ribs were broken"——

"Ah, *this* is the most serious part of the story, ma'am—this looks like real illness! Pray, proceed, ma'am. I suppose your friend after this complained of much pain about her chest—is it so? Was there any spitting of blood?"

"Yes, a little—no—I mean—let me see"——here she took out of her pocket a letter, and unfolding it, cast her eye over it for a moment or two, as if to refresh her memory by looking at her friend's statement.

"May I be allowed, ma'am, to look at the letter in which your friend describes her case?" I inquired, holding out my hand.

"There are some private matters contained in it, sir," she replied quickly; 'the fact is, there was some blood-spitting at the time, which I believe has not yet quite ceased.'

'And does she complain of pain in the chest?'

'Yes—particularly in the right side.'

'Is she often feverish at night, and in the morning?'

'Yes—very—that is, her hands feel very hot, and she is restless and irritable.'

'Is there any perspiration?'

'Occasionally a good deal—during the night.'

'Any cough?'

'Yes, at times very troublesome, she says.'

'Pray, how long has she had it?'—I mean, had she it before the accident you spoke of?'

'I first noticed it—let me see—ah, about a year after she was married.'

'*After she was married!*' I echoed, darting a keen glance at her. She coloured violently, and stammered confusedly—

'No, no, sir—I meant about a year after the time when she *expected* to have been married.'

There was something not a little curious and puzzling in all this. 'Can you tell me, ma'am, what sort of a cough it is?' I inquired, shifting my chair, so that I might obtain a distinct view of her features. She perceived what I was about, I think—for she seemed to change colour a little, and to be on the verge of shedding tears. I repeated my question. She said that the cough was at first very slight; so slight that her friend had thought nothing of it, but at length it became a dry and painful one. She began to turn very pale. A suspicion of the real state of the case flashed across my mind.

'Pray, tell me, ma'am, candidly confess! Are not you speaking of yourself? You really look ill!'

She trembled, but assured me emphatically that I was mistaken. She appeared about to put some question to me, when her voice failed her, and her eyes, wandering to the window, filled with tears.

'Forgive me, sir! I am so anxious about my friend,'—she sobbed—'she is a dear, kind, good,'—her agitation increased.

'Calm—pray, calm yourself, ma'am—do not distress yourself unnecessarily! You must not let your friendly sympathies overcome you in this way, or you will be unable to serve your friend as you wish—as she has desired!'

I handed to her a bottle of smelling salts, and after pausing for a few moments, her agitation subsided.

'Well,' she began again, tremulously, 'what do you think of her case, sir? You may tell me candidly, sir,'—she was evidently making violent struggles to conceal her emotions—for I assure you I will never make an improper use of what you may say—indeed I will not! What do you think of her case?'

'Why—if all that you have said be correct, I own I fear it is a bad case—certainly a bad one,' I replied, looking at her scrutinizingly. 'You have mentioned some symptoms that are very unfavourable.'

'Do you—think—her case *hopeless*, sir?' she inquired in a feeble tone, and looking at me with sorrowful intensity.

'Why, that is a very difficult question to answer—in her absence. One ought to see her—to hear her tell her own story—to ask a thousand little questions. I suppose, by the way, that she is under the care of a regular professional man?'

'Yes, I believe so—no, I am not sure; she *has* been, I believe.'

I felt satisfied that she was speaking of herself. I paused, scarce knowing what to say.—'Are her circumstances easy?' Could she go to a warmer climate in the spring, or early part of the summer? I really think that change of scene would do her greater good than any thing I could prescribe for her.'

She sighed. 'It might be so; but—I know it could not be done. Circumstances, I believe'—

'Is she living with her family? Could not they'—

'Oh no, there's no hope *there*, sir?' she replied with sudden impetuosity. 'No, no; they would see both of us perish before they would lift a finger to save us,' she added with increasing vehemence of tone and manner. 'So now it's all out—my poor, poor husband!' She fell into violent hysterics. The mystery was now dispelled—it was her husband's case that she had been all the while inquiring about. I saw it all! Poor soul, to gain my candid, my *real* opinion, she had devised an artifice to the execution of which she was unequal; over estimating her own strength, or rather not calculating upon the severe tests she would have to encounter.

Ringing the bell, I summoned a female servant, who, with my wife (she had heard the violent cries of my patient,) instantly made her appearance, and paid all necessary attentions to the mysterious sufferer, as surely I might call her. The letter from which—in order to aid her little artifice—she had affected to read, had fallen on the floor. It was merely a blank sheet ... No. 5, —— street.' This I put into my pocket-book. She had also, in falling, dropped a small piece of paper, evidently containing my intended fee, neatly folded up. This I slipped into the reticule which lay beside her.

From what scene of wretchedness had this unhappy creature come to me?

The zealous services of my wife and her maid presently restored my patient, at least to consciousness, and her first look was one of gratitude for their assistance. She then attempted, but in vain, to speak, and her tears flowed fast. 'Indeed, indeed, sir, I am no imposter! and yet I own I have deceived you! but pity me! Have mercy on a being quite forsaken and broken hearted! I meant to pay you, sir, all the while. I only wished to get your true opinion about my unhappy husband. Oh, how very, very, very wretched I am! What is to become of us? So, my poor husband!—there's no hope! Oh that I had been content with ignorance of your fate!' She sobbed bitterly, and my worthy little wife exhibited so much firmness and presence of mind, as she stood beside her suffering sister,

IMPORTANT.

Mr. Williams, the Oculist, begs to assure those ladies and gentlemen who pay him for his attention by their cures, that he never has, from birth, sold (at the mention of such an idea he turns pale) or ever will sell a lens, without their express permission; and will be content with the income of such profession, and will take no fees.

MR. WILLIAMS' FIRST ADDRESS IN THIS CITY.

Copied from the Bost. Daily, Adv. of Jan. 5, 1836.

IMPORTANT TO THE BLIND.

Mr. Wright, formerly proprietor, director, and Oculist of the Royal General Dispensary, in London, for the cure of Scrofula, Scurvy, Leprosy, and other Diseases of the Eye, or Eyelids, *at least the end of every surgical operation*, would inform the afflicted that, residing to the pressing and encouraging solicitations of a gentleman belonging to the city of Providence, (then in France for the benefit of his own health,) he resolved to embark for the U. States, and is now arrived at Boston, where he proposes to remain till the end of March or next, during which time he will gladly continue to treat the poor, at the commodious room of the Reverend Mr. Mitchell, in Bromfield street, until a more convenient place can be obtained, every day at three o'clock, Sunday excepted, provided they bring with them certificates, stating the poverty signed by the clergymen of any church. All other classes may obtain his opinion any day between nine and one o'clock, without fee.

His reputation having been, for many years, established in London, he was endorsed, by his late Majesty, Louis XVIII., to accompany him to Paris in the year 1814, who, as well as his Royal successor, Charles X. conferred on him the title of Oculist, but without emolument.

Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louis Philip, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, also endorsed on Mr. W. the title of honorary Oculist to their Majesties as a recompense for the trouble he exercised in sight, of otherwise cured by the application of his remedies.

Those fine proofs of his great love will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted in the Eye or Lids, or with weak, short, or distorted sight, to favor him with kindness, to apply to him, except in cases of confirmed disease, for their sight as soon as sure, for by the aid of Surgical Operations. Nothwithstanding, he has very frequently removed the first, but a successful operation, without which the patient, as well as the operator, is often deterred by proper fear, has never restored the sight after surgical operations have been used.

In London, Paris, and Brussels, the number cured by him is numerous, as well as in the principal cities of those three Kingdoms, in all of which he intended to fix his residence, but was induced to visit America, which procured him the title of the "Friend of the Poor." And many who were born blind, have been restored to sight.

In one day, (Rouen, in France,) 60 of that class, more or less blind, were restored to sight by him, one of whom had been deprived of it from the age of two. In the city of Lyons, 324 were restored to sight, one of whom was 97 years of age. In the last place, (Rouen,) the cure performed in the district even in the south of France, were astonishing for their number and the integrity of their success.

In 1825, Mr. Wright happened to be at Havre, on the arrival of Capt. Edward George, (of the Ship Superb, of Philadelphia,) who had lost the sight of his eyes. Within one month he left the port, having the use of both eyes, of the worst of which he perfectly restored to his care. So great was the captain's gratitude, that on his return to Philadelphia he gave his patron, the late Stephen Girard, Banker of that city, a handsome present, and to every one to whom he met by the many cures by which Captain George made his case at Havre, by (so to speak) the sight of an eye he thought he had lost from his birth; and to a friend of Mr. Girard, dated April 16, 1826, he assures Mr. Williams that his eye was in better state than at any period of his life. The great age, nearly 90, was no hindrance, as was proved in numerous instances, for persons more than 80 years of age; and on one who was restored to sight in London, who was more than 100. Very many working citizens have since been restored to sight by his means, and to one of whom, a boy of which, only producing a temporary smarting, the age of 10 a few months.

The afflicted, living at any distance, may obtain his opinion as to their case, and advice by him by letter, post paid, as he will not receive any other, stating every particular, as well as their age, occupations, &c. when he will frankly state his opinion, whether there is any hope of a cure entirely or in part, or that he can only treat the poor gratis, who can attend on him every day, whenever it may happen to be. Such persons, however, may be treated by him by correspondence with him during the pendence of their friends, and is acquainted with suitable remedies for their various cases, on giving him at the same time, reference to any merchant or banker in this, or any other city where he may happen to be, for the payment of his usual fees, which vary accordingly to the disease, and the state of the letter of the afflicted.

Should any further encouragement be necessary, Mr. Williams adds that he has the happy to be, from his own house, in the city of Boston, in 1795, when about 70 years of age, and to preserve to the day of his death, which took place only last summer, after he completed his 90th year. Mr. Wright, in Paris, in 1831, honored was for the second time, attacked with dysentery, whereby he became reduced like, but completely of his sight, when in the 95th year of his age, to which he restored himself by the application of his own remedies, and is now in the opinion of, in a degree similar to that which he had upwards of sixty-four years! To complete his relief from his last fit, he was obliged to use the day after his arrival at New York, in which he left Paris, but a few hours, as a specific to turn for a short time the sight of that eye, for, he assures, he is happy to say he is now perfectly well.

In the event of his not being publicly continued, (which he trusts he shall not be,) he will for the benefit of the poor, and during his stay he will endeavor to be useful to them, attend any evening at any hour, provided that those who come from a distance are sent to by persons in the city or neighborhood, so as he may happen to be, will take care of, and lead to his residence at those hours, precisely.

All respectable persons, afflicted in their eyes, may obtain information at his Home, between 9 and 11 o'clock, every day, Sabbath excepted, without any fee.

Boston, Jan. 1836.

THE FOLLOWING ARE PROOFS OF THE FOREGOING ASSERTIONS.

Extract of a letter from the late Stephen Girard, Esq. Banker, late of Philadelphia.

"I have had show and favorable prospects.—The skin that covered the Eye, was thick and of a yellow appearance; it is now much clearer and lighter, particularly of the front, and the lower part of the outer edge of the pupil, which can distinguish the darkest colors at a distance. As to the sight of that eye, I have very little hopes; but should it be the case, I will never part with it, as it is very useful as a good ornament, particularly as I do not remember when I could see that eye; investing it as it were I was born, I chose have been very young. As to others, they do very well, and I have found to relieve myself in the treatment of *Fevers, Cuts, Sores, &c.* as recommended by the United States' Surgeon therefrom, shall not put them in connection with you.

Your obedient servant,

STEPH. GIRARD.

Philadelphia, April 25, 1826.

Copy of a letter from Captain E. George, of Philadelphia, dated at Havre, the 6th of October, 1825, to Mr. Williams.

Sir,—It is now about three weeks since I confided myself to your treatment for sight of my right eye, of which I was entirely deprived, the effects of a distressing disease, a coagulated *Fever*. Before I commenced, I would not discover any object with that eye, even a wall, a ship, or any thing of much magnitude; now you see every thing; see the insects on a printed book at three inches distance, and the letters of the same, I can see to read near, even without glasses, and with them at the same distance before my eyes, distinct, the smallest print. There is at present, no, to do difference between the sight of the right eye and that of the left, that it is difficult for me to decide which is best.

I consider myself happy, my dear sir, that my cure adds another to the infinite number of others, for not less brilliant, which you have performed since your arrival in this country, which you have not the least doubt will increase with knowledge, in cause perhaps many engravings of your portrait, as the Father of the Poor, Philosophical Operations. You may make use of this letter in such way you please. Write by the next for Philadelphia, I desire the public may become acquainted with your success. I shall be very soon myself, at least through the medium of the newspapers, and I advise all to leave Havre, to return to Paris, where I cannot prove my cure personally, I refer you to my partners, Garnaud, Bonnaffé & Colman, Merchants, of Havre, who will answer for me.

Receive Sir, my sincere thanks for the experience of my success gratitude.

EDWARD GEORGE, jr.

Of the ship Superb, of Philadelphia.

To Mr. Williams, Oculist to the King of France, &c.

Havre, France, September 10, 1825.

Extract of a second letter from Capt. George, dated Philadelphia, U. S. November 25, 1825, addressed to Mr. Williams, at Havre.

I had several of your notes printed in our Daily Papers, with some further remarks, but which I am happy to hear from you relative to a success Mr. G. made of it.

I remain very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

EDWARD GEORGE, jr.

We subjoin a letter just received from Mr. William Evans, Mercer Chymist, of Aberystwith, Aug. 15, 1831.

Editor of the Flying Post.

To the Editor of the Exeter Flying Post, copied from that paper.

THE CURE OF A WOMAN, 100 YEARS OF AGE.

Sir,—Having been for many years extensively interested in the behalf of the blind, I consider it a duty to communicate to you and to the public, the following fact to call on Mr. Williams, the Oculist, before mentioned, at the new Hotel, in the city of Bath, for his opinion; and for the truth of which he begs leave to refer to me, I cannot but feel the interest of it, when I saw at the Royal Gloucester Infirmary, a poor woman, who had been for upwards of 20 years blind, and her countenance so benevolent, beautiful enough to make her forget her misfortune, she was one hundred and eight years of age, and had been blind forty years, but at that time could read a large hand, and did it in my presence, on the opposite side of the street, which I would recommend to the widow part of High Hebdomadal Men. I will presume without to put for the information of the public; and I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

W. EVANS, of Aberystwyth.

The following is a copy of a certificate, stating the recovery of the sight of a young woman that was born blind, written by a clergyman of the Parish of Cheshire, near Bath who was one among many of that description, who have been restored to sight by the remedies of Dr. Wheaton.

"I, the undersigned, Parish Priest, formerly Chaplain (or Rector) of the Cathedral of St. Dennis, and Clergyman of Chaillon, near Paris, certify that the daughter of a farmer called Julien Lacquer, who was born blind, entirely recovered the sight of her eyes, in the English Oculist, according to the description made by Dr. Saint.

The present certificate is delivered by me to him, at Chaillon, this 24th December, 1831.

DE VALOIS, Prieur."

To Mr. Williams, Oculist, of London, now at Paris.

The other proofs shall appear in our next Post.

Saturday Evening Post.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1836.

To Correspondents.

We have received several favors from a Correspondent at the Island, Samuel or Millford Jun. We regret they are too late for this weeks Post, but shall appear in our next.

DEATH OF COLONEL BURR.

At last the eventful and long-protracted life of the remarkable man has come to a close, by termination. He died yesterday, at Staten Island, in the 81st year of his age. For some years past, it has been said and believed, that after his death, the public that has so long shrouded the recollections of events and times which are known to few, would be withdrawn, and that the task of historical narration, and but imperfectly even as such, would be withdrawn; and high anticipations have been formed in the nature and character of the revelations thus to be made. Whether such anticipations will be realized or not, we are without the power to decide; but there can be no doubt, that if Colonel Burr had ever employed the last three or four years of his life in preparing the materials for a full and unreserved disclosure of his own history, in connection with the history of the years through which he was a conspicuous actor, the world would have had the work of almost unexpected interest and of great value, to be expected.

Mayor's Office—Monday, Sept. 12.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE ON A FEMALE.

Ephraim Cheesman, a young and well dressed man, was this morning brought up for examination, charged with a villainous and cowardly assault upon a young lady last night.

Mr. Tompkins, captain of one of the divisions of the city watch, was on duty in Hanover street, last night, as he was going to the watch house, he heard the cries of a female in the street, and she was attacked by some brutal ruffian—he of course hastened to her assistance, and when near them, saw the prisoner knock a female down on a cellar cap; he succeeded in arresting him. The scene must have been a fearful one, none more than 15 or 16 years of age.

Officer Reed was also on the Post Office Corner. This witness stated that he lives at No. 76 Sudbury street, and is on duty in this watch, when he heard a female voice crying out to take him away, followed by the cries of a child, and the man from his window: one of the girls struck him slightly, when he immediately knocked her down.

Cheesman gave bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance at the next Mayor's Court, and was set over the assault and battery.

And to be charged with the same here—it is, in our view, one of a highly aggravated and brutal character, and we trust will be spared severity as it should. The young girl who was so rudely assaulted, nor either of the two who were in company, were present at the Police Office; and notice, however, of the "*Gentleman*" who, like a dastard, felled the weak and defenceless girl to the earth, will most probably meet their own eye, or that of some of their relatives. We hold that manner may be furnished as witnesses in time for the grand jury. We trust that the "*Gentleman*" age of chivalry is gone! It each cowardly ruffian as these are to prowl through our streets, females at least have a protection. We trust that Our creed is, that no man, no matter for what provocation, should ever strike a woman, for that does it a ruffian and a coward.—*Police Ledger.*

A COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.

On Saturday last, a man by the name of Geo. Hayes, was arrested by constable Hall, charged with, who was supposed to have been engaged in passing counterfeit money. The circumstances connected with his arrest we believe are as follows:—An account appeared in the Reading Gazette of the passing counterfeit notes at the Bank of Delaware, and Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia; in that country last week, giving a full description of the person who had passed them. The same day a stage from some of our town-mongers here, and the description accorded so well with the appearance of old Hickory, who passed through the city Thursday evening, homeward, that constable Chalmers, with his usual promptness, started in pursuit. They followed him to his dwelling where he was apprehended. Upon strict search being made, a parcel of spurious notes were accordingly secreted within the folds of a bible, which were found concealed in the bottom of a trunk. He was therefore brought to West Chester, and after a hearing before Esq. Worthington, was committed to prison.

We also learn that another individual, lately sustaining a reputable character as overseer of the poor, in Kennett township, Chester county, Friday last, on a charge of defrauding a Mr. Hoffman of twenty dollars under the following circumstances.

The prisoner called at the house of Mr. Hoffman, as stated by several white men, who for the last six months have obtained quite a number of notes in an ingenious contrivance. Their plan is as follows:—The whole going in company themselves to the principal streets towns and evening, and when a well dressed person is met with in a conveniently spot some of the colored men walk up and take him by the hand to oblige them by changing a dollar, or bill. The white man then steps up, and to accommodate them, generally pulls out his pocket book and hands the money to the person in place of his hand by one of the party who is the best manner. At this juncture the other two colored men step up, who seizes the dupe by the collar, pretending to be an officer, and tells him he will be has heard the whole transaction, by which time the colored man has got to a safe distance.

Another plan has been to call at taverns, stores and other obscure places, for the purpose of detaining a pretended bill, or note of a counterfeit, at his decision, but the winning party, assuming an air of concern, tells the dupe that the bill for which he asks the stranger to go shares. This is frequently complied with, but on carrying it to the bank it is smashed as before, and the odds are generally five to one makes any resistance. In short nine times out of ten the operation succeeds, when the dupe is left to the care of the confederates, generally to go and get change, &c. but the colored man has got to a safe distance.

Another plan is to call at taverns, stores,

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Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,
Surprising farmers be?
Because their hay is always studying
The art of hawkes-dry.

ON AN ALBUM.

An Album!—pardon what it is!
A book I always shun;
Kept to be filled with another's wit,
By people who have none.

EPITAPH.—The following epitaph may be seen in the church yard of Morton-in-the-Marsh:

Here lies the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death alas! was strangely brought on:
Trying one day his corse to move out of
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off,
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflamation quickly flew to;
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.

A witty lady was, the other day, remarking on the lower order of petty clerks, shillinet's and despert' shopmen, &c. (not to mention bus-cads and cad drivers, who are dandyism in their impudence, wear bits of, or prodigious mustachios, as if they were engaged in horrible warfare, and infest the streets with their smoke and filth.) "Poor creatures," she said, "I am always sorry for them; they spend all their earnings in tobacco, and cannot afford to keep themselves clean shaved."

BEN MOE OF THE LAST PRINCE DE CONDE.—Benmiller, physician to the son of that Prince built at Chantilly a house which had no prospect before it but the dead wall of a church. One day it was spoken of before the Prince, who said, that "Benillet wishes to have the pleasure of contemplating his works."

"You don't love me, I know you don't," said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit, my dear, for keen penetration, was the consoling reply.

OLE BULL.—Mr. T. Crake, who is an inveterate and hardened punster, is answer to a question where Mr. Ole Bull came from, said, "from Cremona." Pausing, like modesty, to consider—"Yes," said our friend Parry, "and when he was dancing lately at Oxford, a countryman of his observed—" Did you *hotzer* see a better *calzer*?"

AUDIENCE.—A crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear. The actors speak to them with their backs to the floor, and the spectators listen to them with their eyes.

FOOTE AND DR. JOHNSON.—The English Anstophanes was no favorite with the Doctor: that the author was mutual, the latter gave us a sage from a letter written by Foote, to a friend in Dublin, will prove. He Dr. Johnson "with all the qualities of a bear, but its abstinence, all its unawkwardness without its agility—in fact, he growls better, but dances worse.

SIGNOR ADDICE.—A speculative Nobleman had a fortune left him, and was advised by a friend to purchase an estate contiguous to it neglected state and sterility. "Why," said his Lordship, "there is not a single valuable road through the whole estate." "That is the very reason I wish you to buy it," said the other, "it will take you the longer to turn through it."

PROVERBIAL POLITENESS OF THE MILITARY.—An officer in India, who had been just raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited to the Governor's table, was invited by the Governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. No, ma'am, I thank you, replied the unsophisticated hero—" I never takes wine but I'm a *tiger at beer*—"

The following advertisement is copied from the Bangor Press:

Cairo to Let—Ladies, who are about making large parties, for the sake of keeping up appearance and supporting the *family dignity*, are informed that they can be furnished at the shortest notice with wooden *cairo*, *handsomely* fixed in the most reasonable terms. Also during the high price of lumber and fuel, the subscriber will keep constantly on hand a few busiel of mahogany dresh nuts. TIMOTHY GUILDFALL.

N. B. Orders from the country promptly obeyed. Wanted, as above, two tons of bass wood timber.

RESURE.—A correspondent of the New York *Star*, writing from Trenton Falls, says, "The day we were there, two young men of mark met us, who entered fictitious names in the book, at this road, adding thereto fictitious places of abode. One called himself" A Helastute,' and the rest of the record was in keeping with this conception. The same party was at the dinner table an hour or two afterwards, and disputed the correctness assembled there by their (rather vulgarity). Under the record I have described, a gentleman, who, from his signature I presume must have been an Englishman, after their departure wrote the following exactly as it appears. Melancholy indeed it is, that two apparently well educated young men, of good family and station in society, should have laid themselves open to such a rebuke.

"A fool, see you, Columbus, when
Each village has its school,
He comes to thee your countrymen
As born natural fools."

JOINT STOCK CARRIAGE COMPANY.—We had once to that the celebrated Baron Munchausen was living in this ground, but he has since left it, and at his town residence under a feigned name. He has brought with him seeds of the Patagonian cabbage, which grows higher than a hazel, bears better pedar, and cards tree will feed several acres on a hundred sheep. He further states that the wool of a sheep fed on this extraordinary vegetable production, though previously of the coarsest quality, soon becomes finer than that of the Cashmere goat. Unfortunately, it is afraid of bringing with him German authorities to bear on the merits of this wonderful tree, for Professor Baron Von Linne, of Upsala, has never recommended its culture. Mr. Coke, however, is the tree, and therefore could not be recommended. Every person who has been inducted to purchase a packet of seeds on the faith of Mr. Coke's recommendation, has been disappointed. The Baron must rest the production of the tree upon others than Mr. Coke, and the parcels containing 49 cabbage seeds for 20s. must not be vended under false representations.

Unfathomable wells in Pennsylvania.—The Allegheny Magazine, published in Pennsylvania, states that a well was dug some years ago in the great valley between the north and south mountains in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, and another 30 or 40 rods distant in Cumberland county, the bottom of which, at the depth of 36 feet, is said, suddenly gave way, and a current of water flowed up. A mud, with 50 fathoms of line was sunk without finding any resistance, and the wells remain in the same state to the present. The presumption is, that there is that there is a subterranean lake in that quarter, extending under the base of the vast primitive ranges of mountains between the Susquehanna and Potsburg on the Ohio.

HOW IS A passage by Willis struck out by an accident of position in the wanderings of a poet through the ruins of the ruined Smithwick.

I had wandered away from my companion, Miss Jane Prentiss, to a secret stairway concealed in the wall, rather too difficult of ascent or descent for me, from my elevated position I caught an accidental view of that distinguished lady through the arch of a window, with the a background of broken architecture and foliage—presenting by chance, perhaps the most striking and admirable picture of female beauty and the Scottish Church, that is possible in his bright hour could have fancied. Miss Porter, who is her tall and striking figure, her noble face, and her Marion Archer Shute to have surpassed the interest in its youth to has *some* *mind* of the female figure—its easy motion, and still passing the remains of uncommon beauty, as at all times a person whom it would be difficult to see without a feeling of involuntary admiration. But standing as I saw her at the moment, motionless and erect, in the morning dress, with dark feather which she has worn since the death of her beloved and gifted mother, her whole figure defined in large and still beautiful eyes fixed on a distant object in her view, and her noble—and unattended expressing in their usual calm and benevolent tranquility, the tone, around and above her by the sublime and breathed the quiet air of nature, I had held the first great mastery—was a picture around which I was sorry to be shut in again.

Religion is Life.—Religion in the Bible is truly called *life!* There is appropriateness in the term. It is not an inferior life, or life in the animal sensation and activity, to religion is a principle in the heart, which is the source of all spiritual activity and holiness. In its life, *pure religion* without it, morality is but a dead principle—but a dead letter science but nonsense. It is an ever-living power, planted among the tenements of the nature by the Holy Spirit. It is the divine voice calling us, and making to one with God and Christ. It gives meaning to certain passages of scripture, not before understood. It is the root of holiness in our inward souls—and the tree springing from it, will blossom and bear fruit forever.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIS.—"Extract of a letter from Wat Patrol.' Mr. and Mrs Willis are here; they are not staying on the Point, but at a beautiful place across the river. Mrs. Willis seems very anxiously to see them, and they came over last night. She is very pretty at a distance, but not so much when you approach her nearly—perfectly unaffected, and indeed child like in her manners. She dances with all her heart—it was really delightful to watch her happy countenance. Her figure and walk are *entirely English*—her dress is very much objected to, particularly by the gentlemen. I do not know what it is, unless that her bust is very full, and she wears her dress quite too low, at the fashion of the time, and she has a way of raising her shoulders above it awkwardly: that almost spoils her, otherwise she is a most looking, unaffected, happy creature. Mr. Willis, every one who has not of him is sadly disappointed—I am a little, I confess. He has been such a lion in print, for the last year, that, perhaps, too much is expected, his face is certainly not handsome, but there is something that I like in it, an intellectual cast of countenance. He has a remarkably fashionable, easy air—dresses with exceeding good taste—there is no foppery, yet nothing is wanting—perfectly simple and gentlemanly. He is very fond of his child, and a great many beautiful girls are here, and all enjoying themselves so much, but the child is the idol of all is, that the instant the drum beats the *tattoo*, every cadet disappears like a shot precisely at 10 o'clock—the drum is in the window. Last night they were in the midst of the dance, when the music stopt, and away they went, leaving their partners with inexpressible faces; it was really diverting,—the girls always laugh *unscrupfully* at them.

Lead Mines in St. Lawrence County, N. Y.—The discovery of lead mines, in the 20th ult. gives these particulars of the late and valuable discoveries of lead ore Oglesborough.

Nothing has been talked of in Oglensburg and its neighborhood for some months past, but the great lead mines discovered in the course of last fall. The value of the stock has increased in the most rapid manner, as the following short history will show. Mr. D. Nash, one of the first persons who struck trace and the course of the metal, succeeded in obtaining from the proprietor of the ground where it lies, a lease of ten years, for the first 5 years of which no rent was paid, and for the last 5 the yearly rent was 5s 9d. Halfa currency, per ton of ore actually drawn off. Being unable to work the mine himself, Mr. Nash sold a great portion of his interest in it, for sums varying from $5,000 and upwards to $20,000, which, by the by, was considered three sixteenths, which are valued at $5,000 each. A few days ago, a portion of the mine, the property of Mr. Nash, was offered at that sum on Tuesday last, and sold for $6,000, a commencement of the January next, is valued at $400,000. Rapid as has been the rise in the price of shares, several of the principal merchants in Oglensburg think they are still much under their real value. During the progress of the sales, at the late auctions, the proprietor only permits the lessee to excavate 300 tons of ore. About 200 tons have been already obtained and sent to N. York, where, upon undergoing the most experienced chemists, it was found to contain as much lead as is possible to exist in any kind of metal. The cost of excavation and transport to market is about $3 per ton, and the price obtained $56, equal to $53 per cent. The place where the metal is found is situated thirty miles from Oglensburg, on a good and broken country running east and west; the veins are lodged between Potsdarly in granite rock, at about five feet thick near the surface, but increase in width and thickness as they descend. They are in a line of great extent. In the neighborhood small quantities of silver have been obtained, and iron is very abundant.

When the proprietor entered into the lease, he was of course entirely ignorant of the value of the mines.

From Martin's History of the British Colonies.
MAGNANIMITY AND GRATITUDE OF A LION.

Perote, a tame lion, on board his majesty's ship Atalanta, had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and, as the captain never forgave crime, the keeper was ordered to be flogged; the grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Perote's den, a large barred up place, the pillars strong and each end, with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Perote rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend as possible; no beating was here struck, he still kept his station in the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the third lash, he sprang through fire, and in sades resounded with the strong and quick beating on the tail of lash, when the lion began to close from the unfortunate man's back, and the boatswain and his mate, who were close to the lion's den, for fury became tremendous, he reared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of iron, as if they had been reeds, and finding his efforts to break lone unavailing, he threw himself on his back, apparently he must be of